Volume LIX CHICAGO, MAY 16, 1907 Number 11

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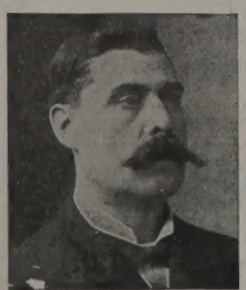

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VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907 NUMBER 11

WHY SHOULDST THOU FEAR!

If the sun has hid its light,
If the day has turned to night,
If the heavens are not benign,
If the stars refuse to shine—
Heart of man lose not thy hope;
Door, there's none that shall not ope;
Path, there's none that shall not clear;
Heart of man! why shouldst thou fear!

If for years should be thy quest,
If for years thou hast no rest,
If thou circlest earth and sea,
If thou worn and weary be—
Heart of man lose not thy hope;
Door, there's none that shall not ope;
Path, there's none that shall not clear;
Heart of man! why shouldst thou fear!

—Frederic E. Dewhurst.

"Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, Dr. Oxygen," are the three physicians which a temperance veteran, Mr. Charles Bell, of England, accredits with the skill of bringing him to his lusty four score and ten years.

Dickinson College, Carlyle, Pa., anticipates many other colleges in establishing a new department in its college curriculum entitled "Peace and Public Service." How belated are our colleges in this direction! How much more familiar are the boys and girls on the campus with the facts and figures of war than they are with the statistics and heroes of peace! The 25th of April last was the 225th anniversary of the arrival of William Penn in America. Perhaps other editors, like those of UNITY, received this belated reminder through an English paper. So much the greater pity and shame.

"Silent partners to the big merchants and other employers," said Mrs. Raymond Robbins last Sunday in an address before the Women's Trades Union League at the Hull House, "are the fathers, mothers and husbands of the women and children who are working for less than a living wage, because these men help the merchants support the workers who yield to them their profits." It would seem that Mrs. Robbins' logic is unanswerable. A business that either will not or cannot afford to pay its employes wages sufficient for them to live on is guilty either of extortion or of taking alms, receiving help from outside parties.

The *Inquirer,* of London, is publishing a series of articles on Roger Williams, some of which we hope to find room to re-print in the columns of UNITY. We believe the writer is profoundly true when he writes that Roger Williams is still "a misunderstood and underestimated character, a man in advance of his age, who suffered injustice not only from contemporary chroniclers but from the unsympathetic strictures of later biographers." It is to be remembered that there is little material at the biographer's hand but that which was conserved by those whose representatives "ordered him to depart out of Massachusetts within six weeks because he held dangerous opinions."

English papers tell us that already eighty-five persons have "booked" for berths with Thomas Cook & Son for the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers to be held in Boston next September. Why should not the friends of the larger fraternity be as fore-handed in this country? Now is the time for ministers and parishioners to plan for a September visit to Boston. There will be noble men and women to be seen and heard, great questions discussed and high issues urged. We have reason to believe that the committee in Boston, realizing the largeness of the occasion, will make a program that will warrant such a pilgrimage. Let the largest issues be discussed by the largest men available in any country.

We have often frankly expressed our distrust of the sweeping assumptions of the so-called "Christian Science" movement. UNITY believes that there are many things in its teachings and some things in its practice that are neither "Christian" nor "scientific," as we understand these terms, and we suspect that a disillusion will soon or late overtake many of its undiscriminating devotees. But we can hardly understand the hysterics of the board of deacons of the Plymouth Church of New York over the fact that its auditorium was secured on a commercial basis for a lecture by a member of this cult. If the newspapers are to be trusted, the board asked by a vote of 13 to 2 to be released from the contract. Shades of the heroic Henry Ward Beecher! has the great church he founded become so distrustful of truth, so fearful of free discussion, so unwilling to let every heresy have a hearing, as to come to this timidity? It ill becomes the traditions of Plymouth Church to be afraid of so benign a fancy as Christian Science, however fantastic and incoherent the fancy may be.

Among the "things done" by the state legislature of Illinois at its session just closed has been the abol-

ishing of the grand jury system, the establishing of a 2-cent fare on railroads, the prohibiting of any person under 18 years of age smoking cigarettes in public and establishing a $100 fine for selling cigarettes "containing anything deleterious to health *other than tobacco.*" Why not tobacco also if it is deleterious to health? And is the 18-year-old line established for the protection of the boy or for the comfort of the public? Doubtless the prohibition of smoking on the street and in public places, for all ages, would seem humorous or a grave invasion of personal rights to most men. But most cities have prohibited spitting as a nuisance and a menace. Some day public sentiment may become so respectful of the rights of others and public intelligence so outraged by the masculine insolence that puffs the poisonous fumes into the faces of helpless women and children and those whose nerves and bodily functions are not so perverted but that nicotine is offensive and injurious, that gentlemen will refrain from this encroachment and the other kind will be restrained from invading other people's rights by necessary legislation.

The sociological sensation of Chicago last week was the published experience of Dr. Reitman as a "hobo." He went, with a companion, in disguise, from place to place, from institution to institution, soliciting work. Almost everywhere he received what he considered the "cold shoulder" and the "empty hand." Perhaps he deserved it, but his experiment was wholesome and his "revelation" necessary. He touched the weak spot in the humanities of today. "Organized charity" is good protection from the rascals, a necessary check upon the reckless giver, but it is hard on the shrinking, deserving victims of emergencies. There are honest and noble unfortunates; aye, kind, sweet, and worthy inefficients. For these we have poor provision, and the man or woman who disposes of his or her obligations by sending a check to the Bureau of Charities has not discharged his full duty in the matter. We have prisons, reformatories, asylums, and lodging houses beyond number, but they all carry with them a reproach, a humiliation. There ought to be a place and a chance for the penniless man who has committed no crime, and such place and chance should have the maximum of kindness; aye, a frank recognition of a merited right until proven otherwise. If people are to escape the reproach of individual conscience there must be corporate action on these lines. At the last legislature a drastic law against city vagabonds was hurried through. It may have been necessary, but "vagabond" is a term that sadly needs a more intelligent and humane definition. Who are the "vagabonds" anyhow?

There was a most interesting laying of a cornerstone at Norwich, England, last month when the foundation of a Memorial Chapel for James Martineau was laid, the Chapel to be used for Sunday School and other institutional work in connection with the Unitarian Church of that place. His daughter, Miss Gertrude Martineau, came from her Scotland home to make the address. Out of family traditions she brought the evidence that there were lively youngsters in that Martineau home of long ago. The Unitarian Chapel in which they worshiped was and is known as the "Octagon Chapel." Here the little Harriet watched the skylight to see an angel come down, and Rachel wanted to know of her mamma, "Who that naughty man was who talked all the time?" for they had been taught that the proper thing to do in chapel was to keep perfectly quiet; little James studied the congregation through the holes in his small pocket handkerchief, and one day he told his mother on her return from church that he had read all the book of Isaiah while she was away. This seemed like a "whopper" to the mother, but he insisted, "But *I have,* mamma, skipping the nonsense, you know!"

Miss Martineau pleaded for more study classes for young people out of school. We suspect her suspicions are far more true in America than in England. Speaking of the provisions for young people, she says:

> There are places where excellent classes for improvement are almost neglected, and only the amusements of the institution are frequented. Though I fully sympathize in the amusements, they should not occupy the whole of the spare time. * * * I hope something of this spirit and desire for improvement may be conspicuous amongst the girls and lads who frequent this building, and that it may be a sort of home where their best desires can find help and satisfaction. If we could only find the way to open the eyes of our young people, whilst they are still young, to a glimpse of the vast stretches of things possible to them to learn, and which would open out to them in learning, how greatly would they increase not only their usefulness in life but their joy in living! The world would be to them a greater and more beautiful dwelling-place, and their trained minds would make them better fitted for dwellers in it, and better men and women, and better citizens. Then we should have "gentler manners, purer laws."

JAMES MARTINEAU.

This is the birthday of James Martineau. A hundred and two years ago this day his mother, in the home in Magdalen street, rejoiced in the gift of the new life, knowing indeed the Divine benediction, yet not knowing how precious it was to be to the world. Here the child grew up. To this House of Prayer the boy came with his parents, and experienced "some of his first awakenings of conscience and of spiritual faith." Here he grew to manhood, and in the fellowship of this congregation, when he had determined to consecrate his life to the ministry, and came home from the vacations of his college years, he had a part in the founding of the school which is now to have a new home in the building raised as a memorial to him.

He went forth and became a great teacher and inspirer of men. To him it was given to declare the living word of truth, the prophet's word of righteousness, the seer's vision of heavenly things. But while his life was lived and his work was done elsewhere, this venerable house had always a place in his affections. When it had stood for a hundred years, he came for its centenary celebration, and preached that sermon on "One Gospel in Many Dialects," with its beautiful vision of Christian unity amid all differences of interpretation, loyal to the one Master who revealed in his own spirit the true blending of moral perfectness, divine communion, and free self-sacrifice. Thus the Octagon witnessed the splendid ardor of his prime, and afterwards received from him messages of benediction in his old age.

It is rich, this old chapel, in beautiful and sacred memories, but none more beautiful and sacred than those which link the

thought of James Martineau with its communion of work and worship. And we rejoice that yesterday his daughter laid the foundation stone of the Memorial building which shall bear witness to coming generations that this was his native place, and here is a living home of the religious spirit of faith and self-forgetting service which was so nobly manifest in him.—*From a Memorial Sermon preached in the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, England, by the Rev. V. D. Davis, April* 21, 1907.

In Memoriam

WATSON, CUCKSON, SAVAGE, HAYNES.

How sad! how strange! how beautifully suggestive! that "Ian Maclaren," the Sage of Drumtochty, who so glorified the Scotch glen that produced him, should breathe his last beyond the Mississippi. The man who opened his eyes on mountain scenery, closed them within sight of the prairie stretches of the vast New World. But the sadness is a passing element; the strangeness and beauty of it permanent. He could not get "away from home;" he could die only among friends. A gentle spirit, a true seer, a gold-seeker and finder in the realms of the human heart, fell at his post, died at his work. He was on a lecture tour; that tour has not been abandoned; the circuit has been immeasurably enlarged and his audience unspeakably increased.

The *Christian Register* for May 9 carries a peculiar sadness to many outside the Unitarian household. On one leaf are carried memorial words for John Cuckson, William Henry Savage and John Cummings Haynes.

Dr. Cuckson was found dead on the porch of a neighboring Methodist preacher's house, whither he had gone to bid his neighbor welcome to the city. Mr. Cuckson followed his preceptor and friend, Brooke Hereford, to America, succeeded him in the pulpit of the Arlington church, was still comparatively a young man, but his heart, weakened by sickness and continuous work, without warning ceased its work. He was pastor of the old Plymouth church, long since an Unitarian as well as a historical landmark.

William Henry Savage was the elder brother of the better known Minot J. Savage, though the younger brother always insisted that William was the greater of the two. After thirty-one years of ministerial life, divided between the Trinitarian and Unitarian Congregational fellowships, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, rich in the love of grateful parishioners east and west, he fell asleep.

John Cummings Haynes leaves Julia Ward Howe and Colonel Higginson almost alone among the venerable and heroic founders and supporters of the Free Religious Association. Mr. Haynes through the long and busy years of a successful business career was true to the vision which came in his youth, ever loyal to his great pastor, Theodore Parker. One of the last of many acts of generous beneficences was the contributing of $11,000 towards the publication of a worthy memorial edition of Theodore Parker's works, which edition is now in process of preparation under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, and the editorship of George W. Cooke, Colonel Higginson and Samuel A. Eliot, president of the A. U. A. Mr. Haynes went into the employ of Oliver Ditson Company, music publishers, when but 15 years of age. Step by step he ascended the commercial ladder until for many years he was president of the large and flourishing corporation of Oliver Ditson & Co. He was one of the men of whom there are all too few, who in acquiring great wealth did not forget the upper chambers of his soul. Dollars did not crowd out ideas in his life, and consequently when he grew old his dollars were potencies and his life was serene and happy. He found joyful communion with philosophers, bards and prophets. In the contemplation of such a life one takes new hope for commerce and commercial men. If Oliver Ditson taught John Cummings Haynes the way of successful business, Theodore Parker taught him how to consecrate both the ability and the result of that ability to their higher uses and the usefulness was happiness to him.

In the death of John Cummings Haynes, the Congress of Religion has lost a generous supporter, UNITY a constant and faithful friend, and the present writer, the Senior Editor of UNITY, humbly asks a place among those who mourn the death of a true friend, a faithful comrade in the army of peace, the battalion of progress.

Chicago's New Charter

At an early hour on Sunday morning last, in the frenzy and desperation of an all night closing session, the state legislature at Springfield enacted, by a bare majority, a new charter for the city of Chicago. After the governor's signature is affixed it is to be submitted to a popular vote of the citizens of Chicago, after which it becomes the constitution by which the great metropolis of two million and a half people is to direct its affairs.

The importance of the document becomes manifest when we remember that it is to represent the corporate rights and the organic life of a constituency that outnumbers a large number of the states of the Union. The difficulty of the task and the importance of the document has been felt by the representative citizens of Chicago for many years. Chicago itself has taken the task seriously. For nearly two years a large commission, carefully organized by the city administration, has been at work upon such a document. Pains was taken in the construction of this commission. The various phases, activities and interests of city life were represented. The body was nobly non-partisan. Capitalists, representatives of labor, the professions, all political parties and all shades of religious belief were represented on its role. Among its members were such conspicuous leaders of thought as Graham Taylor, George E. Cole, R. A. White and others. After prolonged and deliberate discussion a charter was sent down to Springfield that embodied the deliberate wisdom and highest available

corporate sagacity and conscience of the city. History will show that the charter commission of Chicago attained a high degree of non-partisan, non-sectarian, cosmopolitan and democratic wisdom and efficiency.

And it would seem that the state legislature, representing varied interests with a scattered and much diversified personnel, might well have trusted the wisdom of the specialized body whose work had enlisted in the main the approval of an overwhelming majority of the citizens of Chicago. In this document Chicago not only expressed its selfish interests but its corporate conscience; it asked for the opportunity of rendering the state higher service, of becoming a nobler element in the nation, of doing its duty to civilization.

Once in the legislature this worthy document had to run the gauntlet of petty partisanship, local jealousy, "boss rule" and political intrigue.

First, it encountered the suspicion and jealousy of the "down state" constituency. The non-resident members were unwilling to trust the destinies of Chicago in the hands of the citizens of Chicago, and "Home Rule" was treated in certain quarters with as much distrust as the "Home Rule" of Ireland has been treated in the English parliament. Then came the partisan quarrel between democratic and republican forces, each watchful lest some move on the legislative checker board might give the opponent an advantage. The legislature was overwhelmingly republican; the democratic members found at least that they could play the role of obstructionist. Lastly came the fight between the militant factions of the republican party itself. The "down state" members insisted on reducing the representation of Chicago in the party councils of the state and nation, and as this representation ran parallel with the aldermanic arrangement, a re-districting of the city was called for and the "Gerrymanders" had their tasks. After the republican and democratic rivals had been reconciled, the Deneen and Busse factions of the republican party had their troubles. For four or five long hours on the last night the charter hung over the apportionment of a little strip of territory in the neighborhood of the University. It was a question as to whether 60th or 63d street should be the southern limit of a certain ward, for on such a limit would depend the domination of this or that faction in the central republican committee, and these factions represented the future interests of Governor Deneen and the "reform" element in the republican party, on the one hand, and the federal crowd, of which Mayor Busse is at present the dominant representative, on the other. To an outsider the distinctions "territorial," "legislative" and "political" are too microscopic to be apprehended, much less to be expounded. But at the last minute things were "patched up" somehow and these politicians consented to allow Chicago to vote upon a new charter, upon which it is safe to say every change wrought upon it is a change for the worse. The civil service features of the charter have been weakened; the opportunities for "pulls" and "patronage," the number of political plums at the disposal of the successful officials have been obviously increased. In this respect Chicago under the new charter will take a backward step.

The politicians also would not allow any tampering with the present vicious system of nominating. Even the poor excuse of a "primary law" which obtains in the other portions of the state is denied Chicago. The partisan circle at the head of the ballot is retained as a necessary element of power in the hands of those who would work the ignorant and the unscrupulous on "straight ticket lines;" and the old system of caucus, which has worked so badly, still remains.

Still, notwithstanding these disappointments, the charter in its mutilated form is a most notable advance on the present "village" conditions under which Chicago labors. On lines that do not affect the interest or were beyond the control of the partisan politician, it is a progressive and an aggressive document. And these lines, thanks to public agitation, the heroic work done by the municipal and legislative voters' leagues and the leadership developed by the same, are becoming more numerous and triumphant in the life of Chicago year by year. The consolidation of the various park systems and the consequent reduction of taxing bodies, the greater freedom in the management of its financial affairs, the ample power for the public ownership, control and direction of public utilities, the reducing of the city council from seventy to fifty, of the board of education from twenty-one to fifteen, and many other provisions, are obvious contributions to the greater Chicago.

But the citizens of Chicago have developed a facility at the polls. The "Little Ballot" has been a splendid educator in the direction of independency. It is not at all improbable that the citizens of Chicago will refuse to accept the half a loaf and will prefer to endure its present bonds a while longer rather than to accept even a benign compromise that will threaten to continue for an indefinite period the domination of boss rule in city affairs. Herein lies the perpetual menace. Chicago interests do not run parallel with the interests of the national parties. Had they issues that are fundamental, as once they had and some time in the future they may again have, they could not be fostered by the city administration without harm to the city and to the national issues involved.

Under the old charter or the new, the main battle remains the same,—that of eliminating partisan politics out of municipal elections. Not until independency and the clear and well organized issues that will spring therefrom become triumphant at the polls will Chicago or any other city receive decent administration and become, as a modern city ought to be, the safest, most moral, most inspiring place for all sorts and conditions of men to live in.

Perhaps it is ungracious at this hour for a citizen of Chicago to do anything other than applaud the legislature that on any terms has given to the city a new charter and to the state a local option law. There were many noble men in the legislature of Illinois this session. It is sad to think how many of them, for reasons doubtless sufficient to them, respected the crack of the party whip and voted "consistently" with the party on all occasions.

Perhaps they ought to be forgiven for the much good time wasted and the many good things left undone. A *Record-Herald* correspondent is responsible for these figures: Bills introduced in both houses, 1,435; bills enacted, only 258; measures on governor's table awaiting action, 255. During the last hours of the all night closing session "fewer than fifty members of the house were awake." "Bills were called up and put through according to the methods that prevail in the eleventh hour rush to knock off work when the Sunday breakfast bell rang."

The session of the legislature just closed in Illinois has been an improvement on many preceding ones. Probably Illinois has accomplished more in the way of righteous legislation this year than most of its sister states in the Union. UNITY rejoices in the good accomplished and hopes for better things further on.

To a Wood Path

Who found you first,
  Wild wood thing,
Womanly, wayward,
  Wandering?

In remote ages
  Scored by the million
Once there slept here
  A winged reptilian,
The print of his body
  Inscribed for your reason,
As he dreamed in his coilings
  A cycle or season.

Up sprang the forest
  Through ages succeeding;
Stalked the wolves one by one,
  The lone wolf leading.
Then in the spring-time,
  Boughs interlacing,
The doe and her fawn
  Went tenderly pacing.

Here you flit, there you flit,
  Teasingly distant,
Vanishing ever,
  Ever persistent,—
Beckoning us on,
  Last-born of the million,
To walk in the print
  Of that dreaming reptilian.

Where the wolves quested,
  Savage and meagre,
We are love's pensioners,
  With hearts that are eager,
Whither the path leads,
  Dear, little matter;—
Amber of spring hole,
  Waterfall's clatter;
You are my goal, dear,
  Wild wood thing,
Womanly, wayward,
  Wandering.

—*Florence Wilkinson.*

"The Preacher's Passion for Humanity"

The preacher is at once picturesque and effective. He speaks, now on the street corners, now at consecrated shrines and at hallowed temples; now he voices the common sentiments of the people, now he proclaims an unpopular ideal and rebukes social custom and individual habit. His appeal is directed to the factors and influences which shape conduct. Eloquence touches the sympathies, the emotions, the imagination, and contrasts the actual with the possible.

The old-time motive of the preacher was to proclaim the will of God and to declare his ways to the children of men.

That conception is quite apart from the practical life which we share daily and is remote even from our common thought.

The humanitarian thought is now proclaimed with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a new gospel. Some will insist that the preacher has been a pioneer in declaring that within human nature is the incentive—the ideal—to be found, "the kingdom of heaven is within you." Beecher declared that he should rather see Broadway, New York, at noon day, than Niagara Falls.

To love humanity with all her sins and blunders—the strange compound of waywardness and aspiring goodness which somehow entwines our affections about itself; to love such with a surpassing passion is implied on the part of the preacher. It is the love of righteousness and the sense of duty which impel one to effort on behalf of others; it is the sense of responsibility which sees precious lives going astray and which compels efforts to guide and to save and which realizes that in human faces and in human character we see righteousness. The preacher feels a passion for humanity because, in some way, he sees his own ideal in the life before him.

That life may be utterly indifferent to his appeal; may scorn his command and scoff at his entreaty—yet the preacher feels that in a holy sense the life belongs to him and that he must win and hold it. Such effort is the law of his being, and woe, woe unto him if he trifles with or attempts to do otherwise than obey that law.

In this effort to see and to save souls he is not to be distracted by the thought of numbers, for his success is measured by the genuineness with which he reaches the individual experience; the passion "hungers and thirsts for righteousness," or of repentance and salvation, and the question of numbers is quite irrelevant.

The preacher's power may find a twofold expression through oratory and through organization. His eloquence may gather a personal following; if he be wise he will give that following something to do—to relate their interest and devotion to some community need and to some altruistic expression of life.

The power of oratory and the power of organization each supplements the other. The sordid, dull, coarse, worldly natures are outside the church; many of the sensitive, refined spiritual natures are inside the church. Both classes may be utterly selfish. To make the sordid a little less so; to make those who have dreams and high ideals a little more practical—is within the province of the preacher. The preacher who has a real passion for humanity will bring such classes together; where ignorance or suspicion have prevailed, acquaintance shall be made and understanding and sympathy shall appear.

Elgin, Ill. A. N. FOSTER.

THE PULPIT

The World's Peace

SERMON PREACHED IN UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINN., SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1907, BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Micah IV, 3.

These words of ancient prophecy have helped to buoy up the hope of the world's peace by pointing to the ideal future in which that hope is to be realized, through twenty-six centuries and more of almost constant warfare, of which the end is not yet. They go to the bottom of the subject by making it clear that an industrial civilization and a state of war are in irreconcilable opposition to each other. The figure of Micah, apparently looking out upon the approaching pacification of the world, is reversed by the later prophet Joel, the prophet of a narrow and aggressive Jewish nationalism. "Proclaim ye this among the nations," he cries, "Prepare war; stir up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near, let them come up. Beat your plowshares into swords and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong."

The contrast brings out what has always been true in the long experience of the world. The arts of peace languish and die when recourse is had to the violent arts of war. There are never enough of the materials of life to spare for both. In periods of warfare the strength of men is turned to destructive ends, and it is only when peace has been restored that the normal and constructive activities of life can be resumed.

In the days when early man was emerging from the animal state, the incessant fighting between families and clans may have done something to develop in him that strength and skill which in the course of time made him the most formidable as well as the most ferocious of animal species. But as soon as an industrial state became possible and the race began to create products to satisfy its needs beyond the spoil of hunting and fishing, then in peaceful ways opportunity arose for self-development without destructiveness. Now, in a state of advanced civilization, we can only look on war, which to early man was one of his normal pursuits, as a state of dangerous disease. It means the temporary breaking down of all those ties of intercourse which make possible the common life of a people or of the nations of the world. In our own mighty nation the circulation of these healthful influences of commerce and civilized life, on which we depend for our very existence, is as regular and unbroken as the continuous, unnoticed flow of blood in a healthy body. We can scarcely imagine the acute distress of having these currents of life between our various communities rudely interrupted, as between the cities of feudal Germany or of medieval Italy, by constantly recurring warfare. For a whole generation our country has been freed internally from any serious dread of war. But with the gradual passing of the generation that knew and had cause to feel that dread, we tend to lose the sharpness of the lesson that it taught, and to grow indifferent. The long absence of the disease makes even its possibility seem unreal. So it is well that there should be occasional reminders of the true nature of war, and of the need that we jealously guard the nobler ways that make for peace. For here as elsewhere "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

One great reason for this is that there is still enough of primitive man in us all so that, at least from a safe distance, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has for most men an endless fascination. It is the supreme instance of self-assertiveness on the part of the people, and as such it puts our ordinary activities and even our sharpest commercial rivalries in the shade. War, more than any other spectacle, feeds the innate love for dramatic events. Still it appears not enough for us that we should know ourselves to be the most powerful and most prosperous nation on the globe. The passion now and again seems to seize us to test that power by crushing some supposedly rival nation. This, and not pure and unmixed motives of humanity, as was claimed at the time, is chiefly why the great mass of people in this country plunged with such a glow of enthusiasm into the war with Spain. The difficulties of Spanish rule in Cuba were in a way to peaceful settlement through diplomatic channels, when the blowing up of the "Maine" aroused such a storm of popular fury that the President and his sanest advisers bent before it, and war was declared. But as a test of our real sincerity, all the horrors of reconcentration were later repeated by ourselves in the Philippines, and no power on earth felt itself strong enough to interfere.

Hence the danger—because of the peril of feeding this appetite—lurking in the gradual change of program of the coming Exposition at Jamestown, held to commemorate the founding of the Colony of Virginia, so as to include a large and threatening emphasis upon warlike preparation and parade. "A great living picture of war with all its enticing splendors," is the way in which the official organ of the Exposition has announced the new military and naval features, against the earnest protest of Carroll D. Wright, Edward Everett Hale, Cardinal Gibbons, John Mitchell, Miss Jane Addams, and many others on the Exposition's Advisory Board, as well as leading churchmen and public spirited citizens everywhere. Such an exhibition as is proposed, and it is to be feared in spite of objections will be held, is surely a backward step for this nation. It has been our glory that we did not need, by reason of our splendid isolation on the American continent, to compete in preparedness for war with the heavily burdened nations of Europe. That we have not carried these impedimenta through the hundred years of our youthful development has been the open secret of our swift advance in all the arts of civilization to a leading place among the peoples of the world. But now the greatest danger that confronts us is that the false ambition may seize upon our people to become the greatest in readiness for war. Trusted and powerful leaders are urging upon the nation the narrow advice of Joel. They are bidding us spend millions of dollars annually for building battleships and forts and equipping military forces by land and sea, millions that are urgently needed for the cause of education and better government and all the higher arts of peace.

It appears to be, indeed, a national conviction that in the time of peace we must prepare for war. But can we fail to see, what Gladstone so clearly pointed out, that to prepare for war is to expect it, and to expect it is to go a long distance toward bringing it on? "With emphasis," says his biographer, Mr. Morley, "he insists that we have no adequate idea of the

predisposing power which an immense series of measures of preparation for war on our own part, have in actually begetting war. They familiarize ideas which when familiar lose their horror, and they light an inward flame of excitement of which, when it is habitually fed, we lose the consciousness." (*Life*, II, 44.) I have recently seen a letter from Germany, that great empire prepared for war by being constantly armed to the teeth, in which the dread of the whole people is expressed that war may be very near. So rampant is this fear throughout the empire that even the women are being taught to prepare bandages and minister to the wounded. Plainly this is a mania that feeds on its own illusions.

Gladstone's statement, drawn from long experience and study of European affairs, brings out the danger of what it is proposed to do at Jamestown. There are no "enticing splendors" to real war, either on land or sea. General Sherman expressed the simple, unvarnished truth out of a terrific experience when he said that "War is hell." It is wholesale and organized murder. It is the deliberate letting loose on a grand scale of all the savage, debasing, destructive passions of our natures. No man can question that it offers a place for heroism and nobility of devotion and sacrifice. But these are not the "splendors" which the program at Jamestown is to bring out. Those, rather, are the splendors of war, not for the participants, for whom it is always squalid, devastating, and terrible, but for those who look on from a safe distance as at a spectacle. The array of uniforms, the pomp of gold cord and insignia of rank, the symmetry of drill, the sheen of perfectly polished guns, the sense of sleeping power in mighty warships,—these are the baits with which it is proposed to lure the populace on to the deceptive conclusion that war, if it comes, is after all a foreordained and glorious and splendid thing. The lowest depth is reached when the announcement says, quite in the tone of a Barnum's circus poster, that "more members of royalty of different countries than ever assembled in peace or war" are expected. This, for a nation whose forefathers fled and fought to escape from all such trumpery.

I lay such stress on all this because, in common with other observers of the times, I feel that we as a nation are in a peculiar way open to the insidious temptation to copy the older peoples of the earth in seeking for unhallowed glory in war. This seems evident to anyone who will look below the surface, notwithstanding the apparent general preference for peace. It is noticeable that we have more than one layer of population; and when one speaks another may be silent. One may be uttering the hope of Micah for universal peace, while the other is secretly cherishing the opposite hope of Joel, that the country may be speedily plunged into war. The early colonists, with their recent escape from war-burdened Europe, were in no danger of being dazzled by the false glamor of battle. They did what fighting had to be done against the Indians and other threateners of their peace. But they sought with greater eagerness to build up intercourse and commerce and other helps to the nation's life. Never was a war fought with greater reluctance than the American Revolution, and never were arms so gladly laid down at the end.

But today we have a huge mixed population, a large part of which has never yet become assimilated to American ideals. Our records of crime, and especially the appalling list of murders which makes human life more unsafe in the United States than in any country of the world except Southern Italy or Sicily, go far to show what heaps of inflammable material are lying around loose in our body politic. No lesson of history is more certain than that it is the swaying to a passionate extreme of this irresponsible mob in every large community that draws an otherwise sober and rational people into conflict. It was a dangerous portent that this element was the one ten years ago in our great cities that caught fire from the demand for summary vengeance made in the frenzied appeals of the yellow press, and forced Congress and the President to a war that right reason might have avoided, as well as far sooner disposed of the ills which war was invoked to cure.

I do not mean to give the impression that it is the foreign or labor or socialistic masses among us that are chiefly eager for war. On the contrary, many of these recent comers are sobered by the sad experience of the older nations from which they have come, into an earnest desire for peace. And the record of the laboring and socialist classes in standing for peace and against the creation of war sentiment is notably high. It was the Central Labor Assembly of Boston, for example, that publicly protested against the desecration of Labor Day by a great naval review in New York Harbor last year. In the purely American population—using that word as standing for the older stratum of our people—the spirit of internationalism is often weakest, and patriotism is apt to be narrowly national and easily affronted. But perhaps the most dangerous influence current in the national mind is a sense of superiority to the other nations and races of the world. This is the premonitory blindness that, when unchecked, leads on to terrible blunders, if not to self-destruction.

Perhaps this will seem mere exaggeration. If so, let us review calmly the recent agitation over the Japanese on the Pacific Coast. To most of our people it seems to have passed quickly like a summer cloud, but like that cloud it still holds mutterings of an elemental force that later may come suddenly forth and smite us. My purpose is not to stir up by so much as a breath the fatalistic clamor that because the United States and Japan face each other across the Pacific, therefore they must sooner or later go to war to decide the commercial supremacy of that ocean. Commercial supremacy is not a consideration to be settled, or even for long influenced, by warships and gunnery. It is settled in the peaceful toil of shops and manufactories and warehouses and railroads and merchant ships. The people that make the best and cheapest and most useful and beautiful articles of general consumption will sell them around the world, and no tariff walls or military or naval blockades can for long interrupt the process. War with Japan will never be, for this country or any other, a natural necessity. But we may bring it upon ourselves if we persist in the kind of stupidity and conceit with which we have begun!

It has apparently become a dogma with the great majority of the American people that we are naturally superior to the Japanese and that they ought not to be admitted, any more than the Chinese, to equal intercourse with ourselves. Yet we are still willing to admit the offscourings of southern and eastern Europe, so long as they are not physically diseased, and have money enough to care for themselves on arriving. The curious thing is, that the admitted ground of not letting in the Japanese is that their laborers, both skilled and unskilled, can live more cheaply than ours.

That is, they can use the natural resources of the earth more skillfully, are more temperate and cleanly, and work as well, if not better, at many pursuits. Is it not clear that, in so far, these are marks of superiority? The working men on the Pacific coast are simply afraid of Japanese competition—that is plain—and it is a significant and striking admission of their natural superiority in the conditions of that environment. We fear, that is, that in the close competition of labor they can undersell us, and it is probably true. To say this is not to idealize the Japanese, but to take them for what they are by general report.

I know very well the complicated interests that are bound up in the further question of lowering the standard of living, which it is claimed that free admission of the oriental races would tend to do. But our statesmen and labor union leaders seem not to have considered this in relation to the enormous influx of Russian Jews, as, for example, in New York. They are in origin an oriental race as much as the Chinese or Japanese, though they have mingled their blood for centuries with European stocks. And they can as clearly underbid the races of Northwestern Europe in fixing the standard of existence. So there is no real logic in Japanese exclusion. For it remains to be seen whether, both with them and with the Chinese, the better members of the race would not take on American ways as with the Hebrews, and prove an element in the population that would add intellectual and moral as well as financial strength that we can ill spare.

In excluding the Japanese, our people are acting on an unreasoning prejudice, and that in the face—not of the stolid and half awakened multitudes of China, whose boycott of American goods showed, however, that there were limits beyond which it was not safe to trifle with them—but of the alert and modern and fully self-conscious Japanese. Our prejudice is really an expression of our national contempt for their powers and possibilities. That contempt has been openly shown in many unfortunate incidents in recent months in California in which individual Japanese have suffered harsh and even in some cases dangerous treatment. What I am intent on saying is, that this cannot make for the world's peace.

More than this, it is not worthy of us! For what has this country stood, if not for the widest receptiveness to all the people of the earth who sought to build here new homes in a new and unfettered commonwealth of man? Our doors to Europe have stood open and are open still; and no man can measure the extent of the riches, in manhood and talent and future promise, that have come in through them. And shall we now fear to open our doors to the Nations across the Pacific—great, enlightened, prosperous, progressive, that we call ourselves,—dare we not attempt the assimilation of a few thousands, or if need be, a few millions, of men with yellow skins? We enter jauntily upon the task of making American citizens out of millions of brown men in the Philippine archipelago, thousands of miles from our shores; and do we shirk from trying to absorb and Americanize the intelligent and perceptive Japanese? Such an attitude is a national confession of weakness. It condemns us as men of unfaith in human brotherhood. It may do for a temporary political expedient, though I am intensely suspicious of it in that light; but it cannot stand on any ground of principle, even if it takes a war in which the Eastern peoples prove their equality, as they are perfectly capable of doing, to destroy the vain illusion.

On this very Sunday of the Blessed God on which I speak down town on the billboards, advertising a theatrical performance, you may see posters representing Chinese and Americans in conflict, that are a reproach and a disgrace to our Christianity and our humanity. The object of the pictures seems to be to represent the Orientals as ravishers of American womanhood, driven off by the bravery of American soldiers and sailors. In one scene Chinese armed with only swords are flying—naturally!—from American marines coming on the run with rifles. In another, American sailors from a high rampart are joyfully slaughtering Chinese in the street below. This will never do! It is a menace and an insult, I repeat, to our Christianity and our humanity. It is a dangerous feeder of race hatred. It is a fatal breeder of war. We must respect these people as potentially, at least, our equals, like every other. We, least of all nations, can afford to build an artificial wall of exclusion. Our only way to world supremacy is through the peaceful conquests of commerce and industry, of education, the sciences and the arts. To these, militarism, in however seductive guise as a needful ally, has always proven an unmitigated curse.

President Eliot, of Harvard, has lately, in a notable speech in Ottawa, called the attention both of the Canadians and ourselves to the happy results following upon a self-denying ordinance entered upon by England and the United States at the close of the war of 1812 regarding war vessels on the Great Lakes. By mutual agreement the fleet of each country was reduced to the smallest proportions, purely for police purposes—three or four vessels of one gun each upon either side,—and these have proved ample for almost a hundred years to discharge the duty required of them.

The oceans of the world are only greater bodies of water dividing from each other nations that have common interests. Mankind is one, as every extension of commerce and communication clearly proves,—with similar needs around the world. The surest way to take off all false glamor from army and navy life is to regard the soldiers and sailors as simply an international police force. Their business is not to shoot and kill each other for the supposed glory of their respective peoples,—for we now see that such shooting and killing prove nothing, except that one nation is stronger or more skillful at wholesale murder than another. All the glory supposed to be won for France by the wars of Napoleon proved to be no gain, but a weakness and a shame. The army and navy are to be regarded as an international police. The duty they have to do is hard, urgent and necessary, and high qualities of intelligence, skill, and soldierly devotion require to be put into it. But of showy uniforms, gilt trappings, and "enticing splendors" there should be nothing,—nothing,—

"Lest we forget, Lest we forget!"

Great heroism and noble sacrifice will still be there, as in the walks of peace; but it will be essentially the heroism and sacrifice of firemen and police, displayed without dramatic setting in the plain, daily discharge of prosaic duty. The coming Hague Tribunal, like that of eight years ago, will stand for this international ideal of the world's peace. May our land give to it the support of an overwhelming higher public sentiment!

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

What They Say of the Madison Meeting

It was a strong meeting, far-visioned in its program, earnest in its spirit, constructive in its purpose, and intensely vital. The movement is not simply marking time, but is a distinct call to all the higher forces of society to unite in a powerful, constructive effort in the direction of the social and individual redemption.

Wishing you success in your great work, I am,

Sincerely yours, L. H. KELLER.

Pilgrim Congregational Church, Milwaukee, May 9, 1907.

I am in hearty accord with the purpose and spirit that was manifested in our Fellowship Meeting at Madison. It seems to me constructive work on the part of those who, rallying around the great simplicities of the Gospel of God, seek to hasten the coming of His Kingdom to all the world.

Cordially yours, FREDERICK W. HATCH.

First Baptist Church, Beloit, Wis., May 7, 1907.

The meeting of the Congress of Religion at Madison, Wis., was permeated with noble, constructive ideals. The emphasis was upon the great, common simplicities of religion in their practical application to our time. Sincerely,

R. M. VAUGHAN.

First Baptist Church, Janesville, Wis., May 8, 1907.

Replying to yours of the 3d, I take pleasure in stating that the Madison meeting was a thorough delight to me, most stimulating and helpful. It must have proven itself equally so to the others in attendance upon it. It gave me a clearer perception of spiritual values. It emphasized the much that we all hold in common and relegated to proper subordinacy the little—which, after all, is beyond human determination—we hold in dispute. Such meetings cannot but make for a broader and truer fellowship among the members of different denominations, and accelerate the coming of God's Kingdom on earth.

With fraternal greetings, I am, Cordially yours,

Milwaukee, May 6, 1907. SAMUEL HIRSCHBERG.

You ask in your note of May 3d that I make a brief and frank characterization of the tenor and spirit of the Madison gathering, especially as to whether it was divisive or constructive.

It seems to me it could only have been the latter, for it revealed, to some of us at least, the tremendous task before the churches today in a clearer light than ever before.

The whole Christian Church must unite in some organic way and front this task as an army, or it will fail. That is the thought which I brought away with me from Madison.

There may be differences of gifts, of capacities and of apprehension, but I think it was clear that the same Spirit of God was evidently urging us to work together for the upbuilding of His Kingdom, for the establishment of righteousness in the Earth. Yours sincerely, JOSEPH CARDEN.

St. Paul's Rectory, Beloit, Wis., May 6, 1907.

I have been an interested reader of UNITY for several months, and have noted with much pleasure the various reports of your conferences in behalf of a larger fraternity among God-fearing people, and learning that one of your conferences was to be held in my own state, I had a strong desire to hear the speakers and drink in the spirit of the occasion. Hungering and thirsting for a larger fellowship, I was glad to find it at the Congress of Religion at Madison. From the opening addresses by Messrs. Updike and Jones to the closing lectures by Rabbi Hirschberg and Prof. Foster, there was much that was awakening to the mind and stimulating to spiritual life.

I have long believed, and this conference of religious thinkers confirmed my faith, that our differences in the past have been more of the head than of the heart; that all God-fearing, Christ-following people are really one, and that the sooner we drop the theological differences and unite our church forces, and clasp hands for the moral conquest of modern society, the greater will be the religious and ethical attainments of the united workers, and the mightier will be the victories over the forces of evil.

I am especially convinced that this organization has adopted the right policy in recognizing the essential piety of our Jewish brethren. A noble people, the fountain-head of the religious forces of the Christian church; while rejecting the theological definitions of the Christ, they are standing for the vital principles which He and all His intelligent followers have stood for in all times, and must certainly stand for today. Why should not each party, Jewish and non-Jewish, recognize the real religious character of the other, and, coöperating in the great conflicts with materialism and unrighteousness which are forced upon us, why should we not march forward to greater victories in the future than in the past? The greatest victory of all will be the recognition of the facts that we have one Father, one abiding religious life, and one ultimate fellowship in Heaven. J. H. NASON.

The Lake Superior Mission, Superior, Wis., May 7, 1907.

What They Say of Unity

From a Pennsylvania friend:

I still count UNITY one of my most valued visitors, and look for its weekly coming as to the coming of an old friend.

From New York:

I am one of your oldest subscribers, and shall take UNITY as long as I take any paper.

From a Maine subscriber:

It is a decided pleasure to me to read the pages of UNITY, and it is always a welcome weekly visitor. I have taken it for many years and would not want to do without it.

From an Oklahoma reader in renewing her subscription:

I also subscribe for the *Unitarian* and *Christian Register*. I want to keep posted on Unitarian movements, and as long as I can raise the money to pay for these three papers they will reach me each week and month.

From Iowa:

Enclosed please find two dollars, the year's subscription to the valuable paper, UNITY. I would miss it greatly if it could not come to strengthen and invigorate with its frank optimism. May its list of subscribers increase.

From an Ohio friend:

UNITY is a power in the land—long may it wave!

The Divine Image

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

—*William Blake.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Haywood Trial.

Public attention is now being focused upon the important trial at Boise, Idaho, of W. D. Haywood, socialist, idealist (so called) and Secretary of the Western Miners' Federation, for complicity in the murder of former Governor Steunenberg. The main features of this prominent case are now common knowledge, thanks to an active press. The outcome of the Haywood trial will doubtless determine what shall be done with the pending cases of Moyer and Pettibone. The peculiar significance of this trial lies in the fact that it brings squarely to an issue before a legal tribunal the bitter feud, long and extra-legally waged, between the forces of organized mining labor in the West and the mine owners. The deeds of violence and crime that have characterized this struggle during the last few years are familiar to the reading public. Both sides have grossly offended, according to the fearful stories that are told. The law has been set at naught. If Justice can now come into her own at Boise it will doubtless relieve what is at present a very tense situation. The indications are, if we may judge from press dispatches, that both the prosecution and the defense are equally desirous that the trial shall be conducted solely in Judge Wood's court room at Boise, and not on street corners, in labor union conferences, or in the columns of radical or conservative newspapers. The temper of the people of Idaho appears to be admirable. A jury of hard-headed, fair-minded, fearless plainsmen seems a strong likelihood.

Spring Strikes.

The customary Spring crop of strikes and labor outbreaks is being harvested. The most serious disturbances are to be found in San Francisco and in and around New York. In the former, the city of wretchedness, affliction, disaster, graft and virulent demagogy, the industrial situation is well-nigh hopeless. The city is under a reign of terror at the hands of a conscienceless labor machine. The large industries are withdrawing or closing up. They cannot do business in the face of the self-appointed dictatorship of labor. While it is true the grafters are being rounded up, at the same time intolerable labor conditions still exist. The long-suffering street car company has been compelled in justice to itself to throw down the gage of battle to its over-unionized employees, who have disregarded and broken, as unions too often have been in the habit of doing, their contracts. The result has been an utterly demoralized traction service, rioting, bloodshed. Whether there is left in the city enough strong public opinion to intervene and insist upon its rights to order and service remains to be seen. Optimism has quitted the Golden Gate and gone elsewhere for its health, where brickbats are fewer. San Francisco is in the depths.

In New York there is a huge strike on of the longshoremen, stevedores and dock laborers. The aspect at present is rather forbidding. All the steamship lines are affected and suffering great inconvenience through inability to load their freight, which is accumulating in large quantities. Several of the large liners were compelled to sail last week without cargo. No scenes of such rank violence as have been reported from San Francisco have yet been enacted, but the situation is serious.

Wrecks and Steel Rails.

A series of bad railroad wrecks within the last fortnight has again filled the public mind with apprehension. The most appalling wreck thus far this year occurred last Saturday on the Southern Pacific Coast Line not far from Santa Barbara, California. That the real cause of so many disasters may be attributable in large degree to defective rails is a conclusion that has evidently been reached by expert railroad men. So significant was the report last week of Mr. Kruttschnitt, one of the vice-presidents of the Harriman lines, to his Directorate, that Mr. Harriman at once had an immense order placed with a large steel concern for rails made by the so-called open hearth method. It seems that the experts have found that broken rails are confined almost altogether to those manufactured under what is known as the Bessemer process. The report just referred to states that in the single month of February last 449 rails on the Union Pacific road were found broken. Even a layman can understand what that means. It is apparent that the steel companies must either revert to the old process of making steel, or else exercise greater care in the use of the Bessemer process. In either event it may become necessary eventually to establish a system of inspection of steel rails similar to that that obtains in the manufacture of Government armor plate. As an indication that the steel companies as well as the railroads are aware that the necessity for immediate remedy exists, a committee of experts, representing both sides of the controversy, has been appointed to go into the question thoroughly.

The Spanish Heir.

The prince of the Asturias, the royal male heir of the House of Bourbon to the scepter of Spain, was displayed upon a huge salver by his proud father to the assembled dons and grandees in the Palace at Madrid last week. The booming of cannon announced to the hidalgos and the populace that their future ruler was safely in their midst. All the pomp and circumstance, rites and formalities, gilt and tinsel of a tradition-bound nation were called into play. Prisons were thrown open, a three days' *fête* including a grand bull fight was ordained, and Alfonso *père* has contributed a large sum of money to be divided in lottery prizes. All of which smacks of a historical novel dealing with mediæval times. To the Anglo-Saxon mind sunny Spain and its royal glitter are a source of amusement, a toyland.

Poor Spain! And poor little Alfonso! To what is he heir? To an excitable, uneducated, ethnologically moribund, picturesque people, whose greatest ambition is a bull fight and to win a grand lottery prize; a people with no national ideals, without initiative, lazy; to an impoverished, neglected country running to waste, a country the reflection of whose past glories passes current for the real thing. Is there a possibility that the English strain in the blood of the young prince, if he lives, will some day assert itself and enable him to uplift, improve and magnify his people to somewhere near the religious, political and educational level of twentieth century civilization?

William E. Corey.

If rumors are to be trusted, the tenure of office of the recently re-elected president of the Steel Corporation may be brief. The fact that his immediate associates, those high in the company's councils, its directors, cannot stomach the defects in the private character of their chief is most refreshing news. It is evident that Corey's flagrant violation of the ethical principles and honor, that a true man puts above price, has not met with the approval of his business friends. Our readers will subscribe heartily to the following statement made by a prominent steel man anent Corey only a few days ago. It is good doctrine. "When a man occupies a position as prominent as that of president of a great corporation like the Steel Corporation or the Pennsylvania railroad or any similar semi-public position, he is expected to observe the ordinary forms of propriety. What may be said to be purely personal affairs in the case of less conspicuous men cannot be so considered in the case of men holding positions of prominence."

The Monorail Railroad.

When a new theory, new invention or new application of some physical principle is nowadays announced, it is interesting to note that the world looks not on with an incredulous eye, but awaits a practical demonstration in a fair-minded spirit. In England Mr. Louis Brennan, an inventor, has announced the successful evolution at his hands of a monotrack railroad, the cars or trams of which run on top of the rail and not below it. The rail is below the center of gravity. The principle of the gyroscope has been applied to the maintaining of the equilibrium. Until the practical application of this principle has been conclusively shown by many and varied tests it is safe to say that we shall continue to ride on two rails under the plain, old-fashioned rule of gravity; and that the "Electric Hot Air Ten Hour Lines" will continue to gull the poor investor, unless they are sued out of business in the courts and wound up.

Ian Maclaren.

One of our best known and most popular literary lights was extinguished May 6. In the State of Iowa, far from his native heather (for we naturally associate him with Scotland, though he was born in England), Dr. John Watson laid down the tools of his craft and died. Dr. Watson has enjoyed considerable vogue for a dozen years or more, chiefly as a writer, secondarily as a lecturer. One would not count him among the stars of the first magnitude, but as a didactic presenter of truth in pleasant guise, as a public teacher, as a preacher whose sermons were readable stories, Dr. Watson wielded an influence that was world-wide.

Ellen Terry Married.

The marriage of Ellen Terry, whose long career with Henry Irving made her name a household word, to her leading man and junior by half her age, was made public a little over a week ago. It seems that the wedding occurred in March last in the city of Pittsburg. The bridegroom travels under the name of James Carew, but his real name is Usselman, and his home was formerly in Chicago, where his parents still reside.

P. S. W.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THANKS FROM GENERAL BOTHA TO HELPERS OF MISS HOBHOUSE.—As already noted in these columns, Miss Hobhouse recently made a trip to England with General Botha to plead the cause of her South African work in person. On the 26th of last month a meeting of the Boer Home Industries Committee was held in London, Lord Courtney, a devoted friend of the cause, presiding. Miss Hobhouse gave details of her work and spoke with emotion of the generous and touching assistance received from other lands. The following letter from General Botha, now prime minister of the Transvaal, was then read by his daughter:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE 'HOME INDUSTRIES': Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to express to the supporters of the Boer Home Industries my best thanks and gratitude for the generous support they have given to Miss Hobhouse in her self-sacrificing work in connection with the weaving in South Africa and the excellent work already produced by the different branches in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

"I have every reason to believe that it will not only become a great industry in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony but also one which will benefit the whole of South Africa, especially if it can be taken up by every Boer home.

"I have to thank Miss Hobhouse for starting this industry, and I feel sure, when I look at all the difficulties she had to contend with, that I cannot sufficiently do so for her noble work; and my firmest hope is that this industry will prove as profitable to South Africa as the old Huguenot industries did to England.

"Before concluding I wish to add that in starting this enterprise Miss Hobhouse has done as much as any one for the coöperation of Briton and Boer, and I feel sure that as the industry grows, so will the good feeling between the English and Dutch spread throughout the whole country.

"I remain, yours very sincerely,
"LOUIS BOTHA."

This estimate of the significance and value of Miss Hobhouse's work carries the more weight because it is the expression of a man of energy and ability but quiet, self-contained and slow to praise. The letter was published in the London *Daily News* of April 27. Much was hoped for South Africa and for Miss Hobhouse's cause in particular from a change in the ministry. It remains to be seen whether under liberal leadership there will be any more general response to the present appeal and evidence of work done than to those that have preceded it in the past.

In America, knowledge of, and practical interest in, the work seem to be gradually extending, my attention being called ever and anon to some new paper, or organ, that has taken it up. It is not so very long since an illustrated article, written in Mrs. Isabel Barrows' most charming style, appeared in the *Silver Cross*, accompanied by an editorial note commending the work to the generosity of circles of the King's Daughters.

This is the way Mrs. Barrows speaks of the three brave women who have organized and are carrying on the work, asking the world to help:

"Look at the trio! One in England, gathering the shillings and pence—and the pounds when they fall into her lap; one in Switzerland, drawing her little sums from every continental land; and Miss Hobhouse in Africa, bearing the heat and burden of the day in the most literal sense, in that dusty, arid region, weary and often discouraged, but plucky as a real Briton. It seems fitting that such work should know no nationality and no bounds."

Yes, weariness and depression come to all of the indomitable "trio." From the one in Switzerland came recently this pathetic little sigh put on paper in some such weary, heartsick moment: "I am writing like a machine, day after day, and time flies. One day I shall awaken with a crooked back, or in the mysterious *au delà*—astonished at the poor result of such incessant scribble and begging."

Would that there might come help from some quarter generous enough to lift the burden a little and leave Miss Hobhouse free to devote herself to the development of the many inviting possibilities of the enterprise untrammeled by questions of ways and means!

M. E. H.

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JULY 14—AUGUST 28

PROGRAMME

Sunday, July 14. Opening sermon in the Emerson Pavilion by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "The Power of Poetry."

Daily except Saturday, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Nature studies and out-of-door work. Arranged by the president of the Summer School, T. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of schools, Wauwatosa, Wis., to whom apply for further particulars.

Studies in Religion
11:15-12:15 m. Fourth year work in the seven-year course in the study of religions. "The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament"—the Hebrew religion meeting the classical world. The study will reach from Alexander the Great to Seneca and Epictetus and will consider the Apocryphal and other Jewish writings of the period. The list of books published below indicates the range of the lessons and the books that will be in the hands of Mr. Jones, the leader. A copy of the Apocrypha, Revised Version, is the only book that need be in the student's hands.

Poetry and Sociology
8 p. m. Lectures and readings in sociology, poetry, etc., Ruskin's "Time and Tide," Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure," with excursions into Whitman and current poetry.

Afternoons and Saturdays will be free for resting, reading, riding, walking, at the pleasure of the individual.

Ministers' Retreat—August 4-9

The regular program will be suspended and the week will be spent in such free intercourse, communion and consultation as may be planned by the ministers and teachers in attendance. The informal program will be in charge of Rev. C. A. Osborne, secretary Congress of Religion.

Woman's Meeting

A Congress of Woman's Clubs will be held during the session of the Summer School, beginning Tuesday night and continuing to Sunday evening. Dates and program to be announced later. For further particulars enquire of the committee appointed by the very successful meeting of last year: Mrs. Clinton DeWitt, Platteville, Wis.; Miss L. E. Stearns, secretary of Wisconsin Free Library Association, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Richard Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.

Sunday Meetings

There will be three Sunday gatherings, viz.: Opening Sunday of the Summer School, the Ministers' Retreat Sunday and the Women's Congress Sunday, at which there will be speaking morning and afternoon, with dinner from baskets or in the dining hall.

READING LIST

The following list of reference books is printed for the benefit of students attending. Those starred are the most important. For further information inquire at the Lincoln Centre Shop, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The Course in Religion. Fourth year in the Seven Years' Course. The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World; or, The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament.
*The Apocrypha, revised version; 60c and $1.25.
*The Assumption of Moses. London. $2.50.
*The Apocalypse of Baruch. London. $2.50.
*The Book of Enoch. Andover. $1.50.
*The Book of the Secrets of Enoch. Oxford.
*Josephus.
*Philo, four vols. (Bohn Library.)
*Sibylline Oracles, translated by Milton S. Terry. (Methodist Book Concern.)
*Seneca, any edition.
*Epictetus, any edition.
*Farrar's "Seekers After God."
*The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament; or, The Non-Biblical Jewish Writings; abstracts of class room talk; Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Company.) 25c.
*Churton's "Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scripture." London. Must be imported.
Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha, in the Lange series. (Scribner's.) $3.
Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile." (Putnam.) $1.50.
*Cornill's "History of the People of Israel." (Open Court.) $1.50.
*Monteflore's "Bible for Home Reading." Part II. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
Messages of the Later Prophets. Sanders & Kent. (Scribner's.) $1.25.
Any standard history of the Jews for this period.
Schurer's, 5 vols., $8; Greatz's, 6 vols., $9; Renan's, 5 vols., $7.50.
W. J. Deane's "Pseudepigrapha." (Rare.)
"The Bible for Learners," 2 vols.; $1.50 per vol.
Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." Vol. III.
Sociology.
John Ruskin's "Time and Tide." POETRY.
"Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland."
Robert Browning's Balaustion's Adventure.
Whitman's Poems.

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Spring Green, the station by which Tower Hill is reached, is on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and 218 miles from Chicago. Tower Hill is on the summer resort list and round trip tickets at reduced rates will be obtainable from Chicago from May 15 to October 15.

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